Price 5 Cents. Established 1878

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIII. CHICAGO, JULY 14, 1904. NUMBER 20

THE REFORMER.

Not in the camp his victory lies
Or triumph in the market-place,
Who is his Nation's sacrifice
To turn the judgment from his race.

Happy is he who, bred and taught
By sleek, sufficing Circumstance—
Whose Gospel was the appareled thought,
Whose gods were Luxury and Chance—

Sees, on the threshold of his days,
The old life shrivel like a scroll,
And to unheralded dismays
Submits his body and his soul;

The fatted shows wherein he stood
Foregoing, and the idiot pride,
That he may prove with his own blood
All that his easy sires denied—

Ultimate issues, primal springs,
Demands, abasements, penalties—
The imperishable plinth of things
Seen and unseen, that touch our peace.

For, though ensnaring ritual dim
His vision through the after-years,
Yet virtue shall go out of him:
Example profiting his peers.

With great things charged he shall not hold
Aloof till great occasion rise,
But serve, full-harnessed, as of old
The days that are the destinies.

He shall forswear and put away
The idols of his sheltered house;
And to Necessity shall pay
Unflinching tribute of his vows.

He shall not plead another's act,
Nor bind him in another's oath
To weigh the Word above the Fact,
Or make or take excuse for sloth.

The yoke he bore shall press him still,
And long ingrained effort goad
To find, to fashion, and fulfill
The cleaner life, the sterner code.

Not in the camp his victory lies—
The world (unheeding his return)
Shall see it in his children's eyes
And from his grandson's lips shall learn.

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

THE

HEADQUARTERS

OF THE

Tower Hill Encampment, The Tower Hill Summer School and of Unity are now on the "Hill."

Correspondence concerning Rooms, Cottages, Tents, Board and Program; communications to the Editorial and Business Departments of Unity or the Unity Publishing Company addressed to

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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME LIII. THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1904. NUMBER 20

The Voice of Evening.

How many times, when the great sun stoops low
Behind the purple hills, in the cool air,
With quiet steps through peaceful fields I fare,
Along a stream whose whispering waters flow,

While birds, seeking their nests, flit to and fro
Through the dim twilight, and the cattle wear
A look of peace as though they felt God's care,
And one by one the heavenly lamps up-glow.

O, then I feel the sweep of angels' wings,
Shedding blest fragrance on my weary head;
Then in my soul a boundless yearning springs,
To see and know again my holy dead,
To whose green memory my heart still clings,
As true as when first for their loss it bled.

—Bishop Spalding.

The Erie Railroad is soon to install hospital cars as a part of its rolling stock. The cars will be fifty feet long and each will be divided into an operating room and a ward of eight beds, so arranged as to reduce the jar to the minimum. The floor will be of white rubber, and all furniture will be done in white, with rounded corners. Attendants will be on duty continuously; surgeons and nurses will be ready to respond to telegraphic summons. This is a benignant provision. Many accidents are avoidable, but there will always remain while human nature is finite an unprovided margin for accidents. Some churches have wisely anticipated the hospital car with the chapel car where the spiritual and social needs of lonely and sin-sick souls may be provided for. The thought of a chapel car, like that of a hospital car, carries further than the car itself and bespeaks a benignancy and a benevolence that is more pervasive than railroads, that will go where no tracks are laid for it. They are witnesses to the public spirit; harbingers of the good time coming.

Not all architectural extravagance and misapplication of money in architectural directions is confined to the United States. According to the *Christian Life*, the Mayor of Wansworth has been making a public protest against the "staggering expense of a porter's lodge built in connection with a St. John's infirmary". This lodge is of a most elaborate design, built of red brick and Portland stone, "more expensive than a palatial club built in the west end of London". A magnificent work-house is spoken of as "being frequently mistaken by strangers for a set of mansions which exist on the same street but are so much inferior in magnificence to the work-house that they are generally overlooked". The caution of Huxley to the trustees of Johns Hopkins University in his inaugural address is still timely—"Beware of architects! I repeat, beware of architects! When you have adequate libraries, the most efficient teachers that money can command, and the latest laboratory appliances and equipments, then if you have money left, send for an architect and put a facade onto your building." When Ruskin insisted on strength, simplicity, durability, as prime elements in architecture, he was speaking as a prophet of beauty, as master of arts, as well as a lover of the good and a servant of the true.

And now it is Park Street church, Boston, "Brimstone Corner" itself, that is menaced by the "real estate man". By a stroke of patriotism so exceptional that it seemed almost like a special dispensation of providence, the Old South Meeting House on Washington Street was saved to literature and to history. One after another of the down town church sites has been captured for trade, even in Boston, and now this historic landmark is threatened. The site is especially available to business, while the prudential church committee man is open-eyed to the cheaper site in a more eligible territory can be obfact that a cheaper site in a more eligible territory can be obtained for the church. But historic associations, sacred tradition, and blessed memories have no commercial values. The *Church Economist* for July well suggests that the question of the "corner" presents a topic worthy of study. We are here reminded that the saloon, the drug store, clubs, even flat buildings, find the corner not too expensive for their purposes. It further asks, "Is the church to resign her coign of vantage because her treasurers cannot cope longer with those of secular corporations?" We need not be so much concerned over present availability. Robert Collyer used to say in his missionary days in the West that that church was always "central" which had a live man in the pulpit. If a new church is to be perpetrated upon an already church-burdened community, they may do well in choosing a cheap lot on a back street. But we are concerned about the value of association, the priceless quality in land-marks. Alas for the city that sells its shrines and for the committee that sets the place of tears and the place of joy up at auction. We do not like to think of selling grave-yards or of realizing on monuments.

Another "Glorious Fourth"! Another grewsome list of the deaths and accidents; 25 deaths and 1,977 injuries reported in the Chicago dailies on the morning of the fifth. Probably we had more noise, more burnt powder, more of the "relaxation" that ended in exhaustion than ever before. Is there any nation on the globe that so belittles its natal day? There certainly is no nation on the globe that can with such definiteness, such wealth of authenticated history, such treasure house

of loving traditions, unstained by blood, oratory and poetry, celebrated its spiritual birthday. The Fourth day of July is a red-letter day in the calendar of the world. As democracy is holy; as liberty of mind and of limb is sacred; as intelligent citizenship is not only a religious privilege but a sacred opportunity and duty, so is the Fourth of July a calendar day in the religion of humanity. Why should the prayer, the song and the speech; why should the searching appeal that reaches the fountain of tears; why should the great oratory that in the future as in the past must keep nations to their noblest and spur humanity to its best, be so discounted, so insulted by the American people on the Fourth day of July? The degeneracy is so far-reaching that legislatures and congresses must make common cause with preachers, teachers and parents in bringing about reformation. In Chicago the Mayor took great precaution, issued timely proclamations prohibiting the use of fire-arms, prohibiting the deadly toy pistol and cannon cracker, and still the deadly work went on in defiance to law and in spite of the officers of the law. The story of Chicago is essentially the story of every hamlet, village and city in our land. Is it useless to talk? Is it hopeless to protest? Perhaps a reformed Fourth of July is the necessary prelude to reformed politics and to a better government.

Why will people persist in laughing whenever there is an attempt to deal wisely with matrimonial problems? An exchange tells how several bachelor members of the faculty sat upon the platform and "smiled" when President Schurman of Cornell "created a mild sensation" by saying: "I have no patience with the man who as a matter of choice deliberately elected bachelordom, whose social circle was the club, and whose religion was a refined and fastidious epicureanism. He did not think it would be worth while to maintain colleges for froth like that, and Ezra Cornell contemplated a worthier product when he founded a great democratic institution dedicated to practical and liberal education." Surely, matrimony is a thing that cannot be ordered as one does a wedding suit, cannot be advanced by proclamation or brought about by exhortation. Of all mischief makers, she is the most mischievous who is a match-maker. (We say "she" in the absence of a pronoun for the common gender in the English language.) But the words of President Schurman are both timely and profoundly wise. That standard of living, the social exaction, the money requirements, the luxuriant habits that serve to make the home inaccessible or even uncongenial, even where love is, is deplorable, and it is the business of the college and the church to set themselves persistently against such tendencies and temptations. The "education" that is secured under circumstances that shame the simplicity of the home through whose sacrifices the education is secured, and make the prudences, the economies and the laboriousness of such a home appear irksome, is an education that is not adequate and the parents will do better to keep their children at home. It is not always a good thing to "get an education"; it is never a good thing to get an "education" that debilitates or debauches. Alas for the school that turns out "graduates" who are already blasé, to whom the available world is the "sucked orange" that Emerson talked of.

On the Tower Hill Again.

For the fifteenth time in seventeen years, the Senior Editor has come to his own on Tower Hill. No knight of old ever entered his ancient demesne at the end of a crusading campaign with greater joy or even with greater pride than did "ye editor" come in on his good horse Roos on the eve of the third of July, albeit it was in a rain storm sufficiently severe and sufficiently long to plunge both horse and rider into an amphibian consciousness. This year the ride was all the way from Chicago, a distance of some one hundred and eighty miles, not as the bird flies, and was accomplished in five days. The ride all the long way was flecked with glory and touched with revelation; none the less so because a part of the revealment was the fact that mental rest and spiritual serenity are found, sometimes at least, along the road whereon aching bones and tired muscles travel. The days were all the more beautiful because they were gray; the landscape was overhung with clouds that ever and anon dropped their benedictions.

And O, the hill! how it rejoices in the wet season! How it compensates for the retarded summer! How the trees have grown, and how green the grass!

The Tower Hill Encampment starts out vigorously this year. Lanier, Wah-ze-dah, Wel-a-wiben and Westhope cottages have received material improvements. Mrs. Harry S. Hyman of Chicago has added a bran new cottage overlooking Pine Knob, with the great north view, to her mind and others "the best yet"; and another cottage is to be erected as soon as possible, making in all a settlement of fifteen cottages besides the long house and tent possibilities, with a present colony of thirty souls, the domesticity of which is emphasized by the growing environment of horses, cows, calves, pigs, chickens, ample onion beds and the et-ceteras of a good garden. Many of the old Tower Hill settlers and of the Chicago friends of the encampment will know the pride of the management in counting as the first assistant in barnyard and garden Hiram Wheeler, graduate of the dairy department of the Tuskegee school and present student of the agricultural department of the Illinois State University. He is the son of Lloyd G. Wheeler, whose many years of activity along lines dear to UNITY in Chicago have led to the high service he is now rendering Tuskegee in the business management of that institution. Among the residents already arrived on the Hill are the following:

Mrs. Harry S. Hyman and three children, Mrs. Edith Lackersteen and daughters, Mrs. Frances

Mallory, Mrs. A. L. Kelly, Robert Kelly, Miss Bertha M. Howe, Miss Helen Zuckerman, Miss Evelyn H. Walker, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Miss Cordelia S. Kirkland, Miss Mary M. Leppo of Chicago, Miss Rosalia Hatherell of the Hillside Home School, Miss Imogene Johnson, Miss Maude and Miss E. Parkinson of Madison, Miss Agnes Lloyd Jones of Hillside, Miss Amy Hamline of Berkeley, Cal., Rev. Margaret Olmstead and son of DeKorah, Iowa. Rev. R. E. Olmstead tarried in Iowa to conduct a grove meeting last Sunday. He as well as Mrs. S. C. Ll. Jones and Miss Mary Lloyd Jones will be on the ground before this reaches the eye of our readers. The last two have been visiting the St. Louis Exposition with the son, Richard Lloyd Jones, now on the staff of *Collier's Weekly,* who has been West attending the presidential conventions in the interest of that paper.

Everything is promising for an exceptionally interesting and successful session of the Tower Hill summer school. It will save time if correspondents will address all communications to UNITY, Spring Green, Wisconsin.

The Blessed Eighties.

Blessed is the daughter in Israel who has lived eighty beautiful years, such as has been the lot of Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, of Boston, whose eightieth birthday was celebrated on the 27th ult. by the directors of the New England Hospital for Women and Children. The *Woman's Journal* for July 2nd is made a valuable number by the four-column report of this birthday reception. The exercises were held in one of the hospital halls. Well did the President of the Hospital, Miss Helen F. Kimball, say:

> It is very inspiring to find myself in such a company, all friends of Mrs. Cheney's. We honor her for her long life of devotion to every good cause. She has been interested especially in the movement for justice to women and recognition of women, and it was largely for that reason that she became the founder of this hospital—in order that here the young women doctors might have the same chances as their brothers. She has nurtured and cherished the hospital from very small beginnings, and guided it by her wisdom till it has become what you see it to-day. It is her child and her monument.

But the Chairman was also right when she said that Mrs. Cheney was foremost, not alone in philanthropies, for Mrs. Cheney has been an efficient missionary in the field of ideas. Hers has been a high apostolate in religion, and Frank B. Sanborn was the man to speak of her service in connection with the Concord School of Philosophy. This was a remarkable thing to say:

> Whatever Mrs. Cheney has undertaken, she has generally brought to practical success, as, for instance, this hospital. I do not know that I should ever have gone to college but for Ednah Littlehale. I first read Plato in a book that had passed through her hands and that I valued the more because of her marks. She is remarkable for her success in combining literature and philosophy with entertainment. I have known no one in my life who has combined so much that was solid and instructive with so much that was entertaining.
>
> * * *
>
> I was brought to the notice of Miss Ednah Littlehale late in the year 1850—a youth of romantic aspirations and small knowledge of the world—and in the year 1852 made her personal acquaintance at Exeter, where many of her family and friends then lived. From that time, through all the vicissitudes of the later nineteenth century, and into this twentieth, of which we are witnessing the strange and interesting features, we have been close friends, sharing the joys and sorrows of life, and exulting in the victories of right over wrong, for men and for women, that have marked the past forty years.
>
> At the beginning of our acquaintance we shared that also of many dear friends, and some grand men and women who aided in those triumphs, or fell by the way before they were secure. Of these, one of the most important for both of us was Theodore Parker—a leader in many a contest, whose renown has been more obscured by the crowding events of the years since his death, in 1860, than his eminent services to humanity deserved. But whether more or less famous, Parker can never be otherwise than honored by Mrs. Cheney and by me. He was to us, as to thousands of our time, the leader in the arduous path towards social reform, and the emancipation of the New England mind from the fetters of an outgrown theology. Others had a more eminent place in special causes—as Garrison and Phillips in the liberation of the slave, Andrew for the direction of Massachusetts in the stress of civil war, Lucy Stone and Mrs. Howe in the emancipation of women—and, above all, Emerson in that general elevation of the rational soul into the pure atmosphere of ideal and vital philosophy. But, without mentioning others, of whom the list is long, and mostly well known to those who hear me, I may say that Parker, at the head of his wide-reaching congregation of hearers in his Boston pulpit, or through the unfettered press of this city and New York, was the pointer out and pioneer of nearly every improvement in the condition of men and women, here and at the south, since he passed from his half-finished task, and was laid in his flower-decked grave at Florence; and that Mrs. Cheney and the rest of his parish followed his direction and took our tone from his social science sermons, on everyday topics, and endeavored to imitate his fidelity to the duty of holding our citizens and our countrymen to their moral duties.

Charles G. Ames was there, than whom none had a better right to say:

> Dear Mrs. Cheney, you have been in much good company and in much good history, all of which you saw and part of which you were. I always think of Ednah D. Cheney not as an amazon, but as a child wandering among the flowers, glad to be here and feeling herself at home. You have not had to fight for the right to be a woman. Blessed be the love that has been your interpreter to the human and divine world!
>
> It has been said that the hospital and the club hold the first and second places in your heart. But I have felt as if I had had a glimpse into your heart, and found it full of pigeonholes, of which these are only two; for in what good thing have you not been interested? God gave you to us; you need not feel embarrassed by our praise. Ruskin says that every good woman is a washerwoman, to help make the world clean and wholesome. You have accepted that task without sparing your knuckles; and when the record is made up, you will stand in the ranks of the washerwomen. But there is one famous woman with whom you have not had much to do—Mrs. Grundy. You have gone your way, not looking over your shoulder much, or listening to what people were saying of you. To-day you can say with Anna Parsons, "My body is old, but I am not old"; or, as another friend says,—"The deeper I drink the cup of life, the sweeter it is. All the sugar is at the bottom."

The readers of this report will miss from the company the presence of Julia Ward Howe, who, with Mary A. Livermore, completes the splendid trinity of the Boston Mothers in Israel who have reached the eighty years' benignity.

UNITY begs to join the Boston company in doing honor to the friend, supporter, adviser, whose Boston has for many years reached to Chicago and beyond. Her New England has been capacious enough to include old England and all her imperial boasts. On Mrs. Cheney all labels, geographical, theological or social, become inconspicuous, and any attempt to make them otherwise becomes incongruous. The present writer, too, has "memories", both tender and beautiful, in connection with "Saint Ednah," but they are not to be written; but when the friend of UNITY reads these lines she will understand.

Blessed are those who have been enriched by her life! Blessed will be those who will inherit the traditions of such a life!

The Mariner of the Soul.

Five centuries ago explorers were beginning to look with venturesome spirits toward the western horizon of the ocean whose waves had been forever knocking at their doors. They were wondering what lay beyond them in the unknown West. They wondered and doubted and feared. They were bold and timid by turns. The mystery of the sea haunted them, but its terrors held them back. They drew strange maps in those days, and held monstrous ideas of what the world was like. Our children smile today at the serious conjectures of the men who in that far off time were getting ready to plough a long furrow in the sea.

Suppose now that one had come into this group of timid mariners, one bolder and more prophetic than the rest, one like Columbus, as Lowell pictures him, who had believed the poets

> "Who utter wisdom from the central deep
> And listening to the inner flow of things
> Speak to the age out of eternity."

This man comes among them, and gathering the men around him he says: "Comrades, listen; I have sailed the seas; and, behold, I have found more than the fabled Atlantis in mid-ocean. I have found great continents like unto our own, and human beings like unto ourselves dwell upon them. I have coasted down their mighty shores through tropic seas, and turning northward have come again into the lands where the race was cradled, and I have hastened on to bring you good tidings. I tell you there are no unknown lands; there are no seas to dread; there is no horizon line where the waters fall away into the fathomless abyss. This is a world in which we dwell, a world; we may explore its uttermost bounds, and feel at home in its remotest places and on its farthest shores."

Can we imagine a scene like this in the beginning of the fifteenth century? Can we realize what it may have meant for one prophetic mariner, more confident than the rest, to make a trial voyage around the world, and to come back bringing tidings of cheer to his hesitating comrades?

If we can imagine such possibility then may we not also imagine what it may have been for the Mariner of the Soul to explore this dim and undiscovered region of the spirit where hitherto men had not ventured to turn their prows? Can we see him trusting himself to the infinite truth and infinite good as men have never before dared to trust these things? Can we behold him looking life full in the face where other men had dared take only timid glimpses of its more famiilar aspects? Can we imagine him hastening back after the long voyage, gathering his comrades about him, and speaking to them out of his inmost knowledge and experience: "Comrades, you are not orphans in this world; you are the children of God. In my Father's house there are many rooms; if it were not so I would have told you. Be of good cheer; I have discovered the world. I tell you that you are no longer slaves, for the slave knoweth not what his master doeth; but you are friends, for all things that I have heard from my Father I have made known unto you."

If we can believe that the Mariner of the Soul has actually explored the region of the spirit, has discovered the world of the inner life, and that he speaks out of the certitude of his own experience; if we can believe that he has actually ploughed the long furrow in the sea, then we certainly have the adequate motive for trimming the sails of our ships and cutting the cable that binds us to the safe harbor, and setting forth on the great voyage which, for every man, means the venture of the soul. And if we have caught the sense of this Mariner's prophetic assurance of friendship with God, then, however much we may feel the place where the manacles of the slave bound our wrists, and however long the memory and the instinct of servitude may survive, we shall at least begin to set our lives toward the meaning and the possession of friendship, that friendship with God which shall at last convince us that "nothing in all his holy mountain can hurt or destroy."

If we can readily believe that this Mariner of the Spirit has been around the world, that he has seen all and has not been afraid, that he has explored its uttermost shores and has found there no poisonous plant, no ravenous beast, no stalking specter, but instead has found the trees of life, and fountains of living water, and the light of the sun—if we can believe this Mariner who tells us that he has seen these things, then we shall turn the prow of our ship toward the West, and we shall sail on and on, for we shall be sure that, though it may be after many days, we shall reach the desired haven.

F. E. D.

Cradle Song.

Dear Heart, Sweet Heart,
Time that little children
Creep into their mothers' arms, to wait Sleep's silent call;
Sweet Heart, Dear Heart,
All the little children
Must the Moon find sleeping when she mounts Heaven's wall!

Sweet Heart, Dear Heart,
Over little children,
As they dream their white, white dreams, the wings of Love are pressed;
Dear Heart, Sweet Heart,
They were little children
Whom the blessed Child of Bethlehem loved best!

Dear Heart, Sweet Heart,
All the little children
Come from Love, and go to Love, when life's long day is done;
Sweet Heart, Dear Heart,
All are little children,
Hushed at last, on Nature's bosom, one by one!

—*Frances Bartlett, in Boston Transcript.*

Two Thoughts.

I looked and saw the setting sun
Enshrouded by the gloom;
Thought I the end, when life is done—
The silence of the tomb.

I looked and saw the rising sun
In splendor fair to see;
Thought I the end, when death has come—
Is Immortality.

—*Frank J. Angel, in the Universalist Leader.*

The Minister's Vacation.

Russell Sage "to the contrary notwithstanding," as legal verbiage requires it should be stated, vacations are good things. To no class are they more valuable than to the busy pastors in charge of parishes, which for the working days of the year engross their energies and use up their strength.

But there are vacations and vacations. Some are valueless and perhaps mischievous. An absence from one's parish which affords only opportunity for so-called "fun," and precludes intellectual stimulus, or spiritual quickening, or physical reinforcement, is not a true or profitable relaxation. The aim and end of all such periods is the recuperation of lost energy and the acquisition of supplies of vital force. It is well, therefore, to have somewhat clearly in mind just what ought to be "got out" of the period of relaxation. Let us suggest some things which may profitably be kept in mind by the pastor as he packs his gripsack and turns away from his familiar places.

Physical recuperation most naturally will be attended to without much help from outside advisers. However, mere absorption of pure air will not accomplish much unless accompanied by nourishing food and some systematic effort, such as moderate indulgence in sport or pastime requiring it.

Intellectual reinforcement ought not to be attempted exclusively through the medium of summer fiction. The pastor who never reads theology during his vacation is sometimes identical with the one who never reads it at any time. The storage battery of many a minister's mind is exhausted by the 1st of July, and woe be to those who fill their reservoirs of power from the unauthorized sources afforded by the supplies found at the average summer newsstand.

More important than either of these, however, is the opportunity afforded by a vacation for a spiritual quickening. A minister's spiritual barometer fluctuates continuously during his months of activity, as the pressure from without increases. And his spiritual thermometer as steadily falls, as his contact with prevailing ignorance, indifference and sin continues. Vacation affords him the needed opportunity to restore normal conditions. He is usually able to make such a selection of a resting-place as will permit him time for review and reflection. Here he should try to honestly and carefully go over his experiences. We suggest that at least the following lines may be considered, along with others which the individual will suggest for himself:

(1.) There should be a criticism of failures and an analysis of successes. Both are equally important. The object of these reflections is to gather knowledge from both defects and excellences. The minister usually does not spare himself in criticism. He ought in justice to take such comfort as can be afforded by the things that are good in his own work.

(2.) A consideration of the spiritual needs of the field. Sermons fail at times because of a haphazard selection. A good text, a good analysis, or a good sermon does not necessarily produce the hoped-for impression, because sometimes they do not fit the spiritual necessities of the congregation. After all it is the audience that has to be considered, and not the preferences of the minister, if a spiritual edifice is to be erected.

(3.) A recovery of proper perspective. By the end of a year's labor the hard-working minister has largely lost his mental poise. He worries over petty affairs. The loss of a teacher from the Sunday-school or the absence of an officer from a service bulks so largely in his mind that he worries all night over it, and sees written large on the wall impending failure and the necessity for his immediate retirement. The reason of this condition of mind lies in the nature of the mental processes. What is near and new and fresh is of greater apparent importance than the more remote. The mind is like figures on a Japanese fan, where everything appears on the one plane. Vacations are valuable, if for no other reason, when they enable the mind to recover its poise and permit it to adjust its focus on things. A month away from the daily round of labors is nature's corrective medicine for all manner of mental ailments.

To sum up: the reasonable being who can get away for awhile, and does so, ought to benefit physically, intellectually and spiritually. He ought so to arrange his leisure as to enable him to calmly review the past and map out in rough detail the coming campaign. Above all, he ought to obtain a clearer vision of things as they are. If he does so, he will return to his field confident that the Cross is larger than any local question, and the preaching of the Cross is a greater task than any other parochial duty. If he can do all this, the coming winter will show how profitable his summer holiday has been.—*Rev. James Hunter in The Church Economist for July.*

A Parable of the Higher Life.

The crows were chattering in the tree-tops, as noisy and as discordant a crowd as you could listen to. One having King Solomon's ring, might have heard them tell the news to each other, and it was all about cornfields unwatched and food that might be had for the flight, and then many criticisms on the eagle nesting in the distant mountain, and then much scandal about the community of crows in the adjoining forest, and a lot of silly stuff of that sort. They could not help it of course, they were only crows.

The dale was silent with the influences of the early morn. The first grey of the East was hardly seen, when through the silence, went piping voices, sweet as the sound of dropping water, and the melody grew with the light and became a chorus of voices, for here were thrush and wren and blackbird, each calling to its mate, and making the world a place of pleasant sounds. The song-birds were not to praise—but how lovable they were with the rapture of their gladness—and what a higher and sweeter world they seemed to be in than the crows knew!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

A teacher in a Philadelphia school told her class one afternoon that she expected each of them to bring in the longest word in the English language on the following morning. The next day thirty-eight out of forty pupils turned in words which ran from fourteen to twenty-one letters in length. Fifteen submitted the word "disproportionableness," containing twenty-one letters. Some gave in the names of Russian officers. After the teacher had congratulated the fifteen who gave in the word "disproportionableness," she told them that there was still a longer one which was supposed to have been coined by William E. Gladstone, and contained twenty-four letters. It was "disestablishmentarianism."—*Boston Transcript.*

And now let us all prepare for a "sane" Christmas.—*W. D. N., in Chicago Tribune.*

THE PULPIT.

Present Day Aspects of the Race Problem.

An Address By S. Laing Williams, Delivered In All Souls Church, Chicago, July 3, 1904.

The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth is never told in any discussion of the Race problem. The very nature of the question, as a general thing, excites criminations and recriminations. Most of the people who do most of the talking and have the widest hearing are the people who feel the strongest on the question and pick up their conclusions wherever they can find them, and are more anxious to justify their prejudices than to speak the truth. Those of us who are a part of the problem, generally speak under the smart and sting of the wrongs we suffer and often know only one side of the question.

On this question of the relations of the black and white races we are not yet ready to reason together, or even to reason apart. I might as well be honest and confess to you at the outset that I too am entirely human on this subject. I cannot feel a benevolent indifference in being wrongly dispossessed of my rights as a man and a citizen.

But we have to-day a race problem that apparently is more involved and, in some aspects, more serious than ever before.

Though many things have been settled in the past 40 years, many wounds healed, many old associations once torn asunder have been reunited, much achieved in the name of liberty and a more inclusive idea of democracy, yet in a large section of our common country men still insist upon their "divine right" to govern the souls of other men without their consent.

What is the race problem to-day? Is it the same as it was prior to 1860 or from 1865 to 1875? No, up to 1865 the problem was, Shall this nation be half slave and half free? The great Lincoln who propounded this question to the American people lived long enough to see it triumphantly answered in favor of freedom. From 1865 to 1875 the problem was "reconstruction," and this problem is still unsolved. It required four years of bitter contest and bloodshed to settle the first problem. In the last 39 years of peace and progress in almost every other line of our national development, this problem has lagged behind all others and resisted settlement. Love of God, love of man, love of country, love of justice and fair play have been the forces appealed to, yet the problem is still on our hands and hearts and defiles immediate solution. Splendid men and women have risen in the last 40 years who seemed to be equal to any problem that has developed out of our national advancement, but none have arisen who have been able to calm the passions engendered by this race question.

Has the Negro made any progress? Yes, but it is this very progress that seems to aggravate the problem. Yet this progress is so great and fundamental that no one can contemplate it and be doubtful of the future. Secession has become a hated heresy in American state-craft. The south and north alike rejoice in the destruction of slavery. The ante-bellum fears and predictions that the Negro freed would cease to be a producer, and would give himself up to vicious idleness has been abundantly disproved by the enormous increase in the value of products due to free labor, and the millions of dollars in property earned and now held by the race since it became free. The ante-bellum dogma that the Negro could not learn and achieve intelligence has proved to be utterly false in the light of the marvelous fact that 50 per cent. of the illiteracy of black people has been wiped out since emancipation. Nearly 3,000 college and university graduates, and 30,000 teachers have been trained and put to work as guides and leaders of the ignorant. Not only in the arts of peace, but in the arts of war, they have been tested and not found wanting. In other words, in all the ways known to progressive humanity everywhere, the Negro race has striven to win and deserve a fair chance to be good citizens of the country that they have helped to create and protect. I do not think it too much to say that the colored people of this country have made greater progress in striving to free themselves from the stigma of bondage than their white brethren have made in trying to free themselves from the stigma of having once been the owners of men. Disguise it as you will, the question is no longer can the Negro become a good citizen, but rather are the American people great enough to conquer their prejudices and live up to their pretensions as believers and defenders of their faith in God and Democracy. The answer to this question involves the honor of our government and the good name of the American people. Shall this government of ours stand for men or only for some men? Are we to rewrite the Declaration of Independence and after every avowal of liberty and equality and pledge to truth and justice write the words: "except black men and brown men and yellow men?" or shall we manfully and honorably strive to realize the truth of the great things for which that declaration has stood for all mankind for over one hundred years? This question takes us back to primary principles and should certainly inspire us with a desire to be the equal of all those great men who planned and prayed for the equality of men and not for the separation of men into black and white groups.

It is high time that the American people should understand that nothing is to be gained in the way of peace and honor by trying to escape the responsibility of our presence in this country. We are not here as intruders and the complications caused by our coming are not of our making. After receiving the unrequited labor of these people for more than two hundred years, it would be little less than barbarous now to turn upon them with scorn and contempt, especially after making them freemen, and insist that they shall have no opportunities to rise above a servile status. Yet this is the very thing that a large portion of the American people believe and insist upon, and why? The answer is prompt, insistent and at times violent: "To prevent Negro domination and social equality." This fear has been the rankest fanaticism in our country. Like all fanaticism, it cannot be affected by reason, by love, by justice, by love of country, by honor. It is its own justification, its own "raison d'etre." It defies everything except the dissolving forces of time and progress.

Now I do not care to dwell too long upon these disagreeable aspects of the race problem, except to make it plain that in spite of our progress, some agencies are always at hand to make our progress and aspirations disappointing and barren of good results. I do not need to tell you at length how this is being done because the fierce evidences of it hiss their discordant notes all about us.

A certain conspicuous Governor of a southern state recently declared in tones loud enough to be heard across the continents that no Negro, even including Booker T. Washington, can ever be made intelligent enough to exercise the elective franchise. This same high official has also given it out that to educate a Negro is to make a criminal of him.

The white people of the South, unlike the white people of the North, are not afraid frankly to state their views on this question, however absurd and reactionary such views may be. In ways innumerable they have declared that the Negro shall not exercise any of the political rights guaranteed to him by the Constitution of the United States, if they can by any possible means, violent or peaceful, prevent it, and what they have so declared they have boldly written into law and put into practice. What they have thus accomplished in the way of defying the Constitution, in rudely ignoring natural and legal rights and crushing aspirations of a progressive people has been upheld by public opinion in the North and apparently sustained by the Courts. All this violation of national honor has been committed in the name of "Anglo-Saxon supremacy."

Isn't this a great price to pay for protection against the unworthy fear, "Social Equality"? Who has been benefited, in what way has our government been strengthened and how has the idea of democracy been honored and glorified? There are college men, sober and thrifty men, patriotic men and tax-paying men who cannot qualify to vote under some of the disfranchisement laws, but who cares? Isn't the idea that this is a "white man's government" worth more than the idea that this is truly a democratic government? Has not the idea of the equality of men, as written in the Declaration of Independence, become a political heresy? But again as to the question, what has disfranchisement done for the South, or for the country at large? Let us see. When Mississippi some twelve years ago set out to carry out the idea that in that state, at least, there should be established a white man's government, it was confidently predicted that all sorts of good would result to that commonwealth and that the only thing that stood in the way of progress was the danger of "negro domination" and "social" equality." Disfranchisement was the watchword and disfranchisement triumphed over everything that opposed it in the name of reason, justice and honor. After all these years what have been the benefits of that revolution? Has it attracted emigration to that state? Has it attracted capital, has it created a new interest among the white population in public affairs? Has it enabled white people of the state, after being relieved of the fear of "negro domination," to turn their attention toward the development of the resources of the state? Have schools, universities and scientific schools for the education of white young men and women been established? Have lynchings and other forms of violence decreased? Has the name Mississippi been written on a single great undertaking or advancement that has added to the glory and honor of the Nation? Not a single yes can be answered to these questions. I do not know of a single great benefit that has followed this dangerous experiment of committing a great injustice in order that some pretended good might result.

The thoroughly undemocratic law that disfranchised good and bad negroes alike has had the altogether unexpected effect of disfranchising nearly one-half of the white men of that state. At the last general election I am told that not more than 50,000 took part in the election of state officers. The act that aimed to undo the 15th amendment has had the benumbing effect of making white voters indifferent to their political rights and responsibilities. In other words the idea of democracy and popular sovereignty have ceased to be a vital influence among the people in whose behalf black men were deprived of their rights as citizens. The state has lost political significance and prestige, and that strength of security which resides in a wide-awake sense of popular sovereignty and an aggressive public opinion. Immigrants and other people who are seeking the best state in which to live will shun any state in the Union whose public spirit is so low and sluggish that its people feel no incentive to exercise the rights of citizenship. What every democratic state needs to save it from dry rot and decay is the tonic of honest rivalry and a fair and open discussion of the rights of all men. The spirit of democracy is asleep and has been asleep since the state made it possible by law to give an ignorant and lawless white man a better right to vote than a black man of intelligence and character and property. The only persons who have been benefited by these disfranchisement acts are the handful of politicians who can more easily get themselves elected to office by a restricted than by a large electorate.

What is true of Mississippi will be true of every state whose people are not brave enough to declare to the world that it is not necessary to deprive black men of their civil and political rights in order to protect themselves from the monstrous nightmare of "social equality."

Let it become clear to our minds that this anti-negro sentiment evidenced by these reactionary laws in the South and almost cowardly acquiescence in the North, is not so much against the thriftless and unprogressive negro, but rather against the intelligent and aspiring negro. The senator of Virginia voiced this feeling when, in a recent speech, opposing the confirmation of Dr. Crumm as collector of the port of Charleston, he said that "putting a negro in a high position of honor means putting the negro out of his place as an inferior race." In other words, when it comes to filling public offices, and a colored man who is in every way capable is the applicant, strike him down and pay no attention to his virtues, his character and ability. In spite of this, however, the colored people of this country are bound to insist that their position shall be what they can make it. They do not ask and never will ask to rise higher than their merits will elevate them and sustain them.

Everybody who is entitled to express an opinion knows that there never has been a time or place in this country where there was the least danger of negro domination. There was never a time when the negro was not willing and anxious to follow the lead of white men in all things political, and if at any time in the past that leadership was corrupt and led to mal-administration, the colored people are to blame only in the same way and for the same reason that the enlightened citizens of Chicago are to blame for permitting themselves to be governed at times by a set of predatory politicians who have scandalized the name of civil government in America.

An appeal to reconstruction days in proof of negro incapacity to govern themselves will count for nothing in the discussion of the right and justice of restricting the suffrage to the competent of black and white alike.

Carl Schurz's calm and unprejudiced presentation of the reconstruction times, in a recent number of *McClure's Magazine,* will satisfy any reasonable mind that the negroes were more sinned against than sinning in those trying days just after the war.

All the colored people have ever asked, and all that we now insist upon with an unyielding determination is that those of us who are qualified by training and character and possessions shall not be

deprived of our political and civil rights as guaranteed by the Constitution, simply because of our unavoidable complexion. To refuse this is anarchy and more of it. If the people North and South insist that the negro shall not be a full citizen, then the race problem will increase in difficulties and seriousness.

It is folly to expect that colored men of culture and ambition will always meekly submit without complaint and without some form of resistance to wrongs insufferable and that are a continuous challenge to manhood. While we know that the right to vote without the inherent power in ourselves to vote is not of much value, but the important thing is that this power is increasing year by year. Today that power is manifesting itself peacefully, respectfully and honorably in appeals to public conscience and the courts. One by one the constitutionality of the disfranchisement laws, the "jim crow" car laws, the laws that foster and protect peonage and many other discriminating laws enacted for the sole purpose of hindering and embarrassing our uprising, will be fought out in the judicial tribunals of the land, and if it be shown and be determined, as it must be, that American citizenship means what the entire history of this country and all of the American maxims of liberty say it means, then we shall be unworthy of that citizenship, if we meekly submit to living short of our full rights. There is no covert threat in this. It simply means that an American, black or white, who will not try to insist upon exercising all of his rights as a citizen, is unworthy of them.

This thing we call American citizenship is not altogether a personal right. It is a natural achievement, a creation, an asset of human progress born out of hundreds of years of strife and sacrifice on forum and on battlefield. To establish it as a thing imperishable and to keep it unsullied by dishonor; to protect it, to hold it aloft as a beacon light of hope to all the world of mankind; to make it attractive alike to Jew and Greek, barbarian and Scythian, bond and free, Anglo-Saxon and even African, every life that has been lost and every dollar that has been spent and every agony of soul endured, has been justified as none too great. Let it not be said, then, by an American at least, that the black men of this country who have sacrificed their all for that citizenship shall not aspire to the enjoyment of it, and much less let it be said that the American people will prevent by law and force such enjoyment.

But it is reiterated from high and low quarters alike that if negroes are permitted to enjoy these rights as citizens, then they will want to marry our daughters. I wonder if in all human history there was ever put forth a more utterly ridiculous excuse or justification for injustice and wrong doing than this. This absolutely groundless fear has been repeatedly uttered and with such hysterical fervor that it has actually begun to be accepted as a real and imminent danger.

Certainly there is nothing in the past or present relationship of the races North or South that furnishes any excuse for this alarm. For over a hundred years in these Northern states colored people and white people have lived side by side, worked together, attended the same schools and colleges together, worshiped the same God in the same church, voted at the same ballotbox, sat on the same jury, ridden in the same railway cars, eaten under the same enclosure, paid taxes at the same office, and yet the relatiohsnip has not led to mixed marriages or undesirable "social equality," and the Northern white people have never complained of their inability to protect themselves against these fears. The hundreds of beautiful young women of the North who have spent the greater part of their lives in the black belts of the South in missionary work, and who have been comparatively at the mercy of our young men, have never been heard to complaint of any matrimonial ambitions on the part of colored men.

Is it not time that the people who are in such mortal dread of losing their social superiority, began to learn that nature's laws are stronger than man's laws or man's lawlessness, in fixing the social boundaries between races? If in the intermingling of the white and black races in this country sins have been committed, it can be easily shown that white men have more to answer for than black men.

The burden of the black man's appeal to the conscience of the twentieth century white man is that he be a little less sure of his "divine" right of exclusive superiority, and that in dealing with this black race in its striving to undo the work of slavery it exercise some of the heroic patience shown by the colored race in all these years of struggle and suffering and hoping. The men and women, who in pulpit, at the bar and in the lecture room and in the press are daily sending out statements for the purpose of giving the negro a bad character, are in contemptible business. They are immune from punishment because the laws that publish slander and libel cannot reach those who libel a race of men and women. Being thus shielded, men holding the rank of statesmen, and writers who command a public hearing, now fairly gloat in holding up to public view the worst examples of negro criminals as types of the negro character, utter the most libelous things about the women of the race, belittle the good effects of education, advocate every kind of separation that is humiliating, and scornfully refuse to make any exceptions between the virtuous and progressive negro and those who are still ignorant and slavish. Yet all this is endured heroically and we continue to have faith and plan no just revenge. It seems to me that the white people of this country do not yet realize how much they owe to the negro for his quality of patience. In all these years of oppression and discrimination, of injustice and more injustice, there has been not a single act of treason, no attempt at insurrection and no revenges attempted, no slaughter of the innocents. Some American writers have been so ungracious as to refer to this patient endurance of the negro people as an evidence of their cowardice. In the light of history, it seems to me that the negro in this country, at least, need not be ashamed of his record for bravery in all the wars that have been waged for American liberty. The testimony of Gen. Jackson, of Admirals Perry and Dewey, of Gov. Andrew of Massachusetts, of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, of Gen. Grant, Gen. Miles and our own valiant President Roosevelt, is worthier of belief than the idle words of a few magazine writers. But it is in the arts of peace that we are to be tested. The latent strength of the race will show itself in due time and in ways that will reflect glory on itself and the nation. If the white people of this country have not the moral courage to settle the race problem in a way that will be acceptable to God and man, there are black men and women on the way who will supply both the courage and the wisdom. Their strength is now being accumulated and conserved for high purposes. I do not say this as an idle boast; I say it because a race that cannot conquer its prejudices can never cultivate the high virtues that are needed in the solution of grave problems in human history. The rifle and the shotgun are not the only evidence of human cour-

age. We do not look for the real heroes of a race in lynching parties, in midnight marauders or among those who are merely strong enough to enact unrighteous laws to oppress those who are unable to help themselves. The race that Lincoln emancipated has learned the great lesson of that great man when he said, "Let us have faith that right makes might."

Among some races the leaders take to the sword and lead on to slaughter; in our race the leaders become educators and builders of the foundation of human society, like Frederick Douglass, Booker T. Washington, Prof. DuBois and others. Lack of courage, you say! I do not believe you can find in the history of American great men a finer example of courage than that of the man Booker T. Washington going down into the black belt of the South, when everything was stagnant and hopeless and impossible, and looking unflinchingly into the grim faces of ex-slave holders, dared to challenge their interest and co-operation in the mighty task of making self-supporting men and citizens out of human chattels. Tuskegee is a creation—a harbinger of hope, a demonstration of negro capacity, a proof of constructive power, and as a prophecy, the most significant fact since Appomattox. What has been so wonderfully done by one black man at this place is being done in only lesser degrees throughout the South by colored men who are too courageous to despair. It requires more courage to do this kind of thing than it does to appeal to the passions of men, white or black. Let not the present generation of American people lose sight of the things that have been determined and are fixed and unalterable. The negro is an integral part of American civilization. Colonization, segregation, disfranchisement are one and all miserable makeshifts, impossible, wicked and revolutionary in purpose, and can settle nothing.

Let us get rid of the false notion that the negro problem can be solved by forever holding up to public view the bad negro. Bad negroes we have, and too many of them, but remember that they are bad, not because they are black, but bad only because they are human. This badness is of the same kind and degree for which white men and white women are arrested, tried, convicted and sent either to the gallows or penitentiary by the thousands every day in the year. The negros' status is the concern of the whole nation and not of the South alone.

The nation that made the negro a slave and kept him a slave for the sake of cotton, made him free at the behest of an enlightened conscience. Can the terrible consequences of physical slavery be overcome by another form of slavery that stifles ambition and robs men of the fruits of high deserving? Are the white people of this country going to put the whole burden of slavery's consequences, of reconstruction mistakes, on the backs of these already overburdened people? The great fact is, my friends, that the so-called negro problem is a white man's problem. A great sin was committed and in its commission the negro was only a victim. That sin can never be expiated by committing others. Every right wrongfully withheld, every fresh injustice done, but deepens the guilt of the original crime. The problem is a national one and not local, and concerns everything that lies at the foundation of American liberty. What shall we do, you say? In the first place, what we really need is more light on this whole question. We need to know and feel the deep significance of the forces and counter forces that are making for progress or reaction. A wider knowledge of the truth and the facts is more apt to excite your sympathy and helpful co-operation than to incur your prejudices against us.

Our greatest need to-day is your co-operation in getting the American people interested in the many splendid things already achieved by the twentieth century negro, both for himself and his country. We cannot disguise the disagreeable fact that there is a public opinion that seems to be forming against us as a result of the eagerly read and easily believed misrepresentations that pass to-day as current literature and as debates in the halls of Congress and on the rostrum. This public opinion is manifesting itself in the present attempts of the sleeping car companies, for example, to keep well-bred and well-behaved colored people from sleeping car accommodations; in the unwritten law against the employment of our competent young colored men and women in any kind of occupation, not menial in character; in the new demand from the South that colored men shall not hold public office, and in many other ways that blight and hinder the ambitions of a worthy people. I am quite sure that if the best of us were known we would be better liked, and most of the people would in time become ashamed of their silly prejudices and silly fears.

Thirty years ago a colored man or woman who would have sought employment as a clerk in some of the Government offices in Washington would have caused a riot; now under civil service examinations hundreds of fine young men and women have won good positions throughout the service, and it causes no comment. Nothing destroys prejudices so effectively as the opportunity for contact, because prejudice feeds on ignorance and false fears.

The hour has come when the negro needs friends —friends with such nobility of soul and courage as gave to American history such names as Channing, Parker, Martineau, Phillips, Garrison, Lovejoy and Sumner,—men great enough to be generous to their fellow men, and good enough not to be harmed by being just. We need friends who are not only willing to give out of their bounty money for the education of the negro in the far South, but who are willing also to see to it that the men and women who are thus educated shall not be made beggars for an opportunity to make a living in the shops, offices and factories of the country. We are too little in evidence, because the door of opportunity is locked by the key of popular prejudice. We cannot solve the race problem by making it impossible for the best white people and the best black people to see and know each other in the every day walks and tasks of life. Such knowledge and contact simply mean the obligation to recognize and honor the nobility in human nature wherever found. If any dare to say that such a recognition would lead to the lowering of social standards, then such a man or woman is more to be pitied than feared.

My aim has been honestly and frankly, and without exaggeration, to voice the anxieties, the perplexities and the aspirations of the present generation of progressive negroes. If you think that a vein of pessimism runs though what I have said, let me assure you that such pessimism means not discouragement, but rather a more strenuous determination to meet the hard conditions imposed upon us by a stronger, but perhaps not a better race in possibilities. It is true we complain, but what we strive to do and have done is more important and interesting than our complaints. We have learned that liberty must be earned and deserved before it can be enjoyed, but what we beg of you is that you shall not overlook, scorn or underestimate the increasing evidences of our deserving.

We would appeal to you not to form your judgment of us from the superficial conclusions uttered by people who think the same thoughts and feel the same sentiments that belonged to the overseer and the slave driver before the sixties. You have made it impossible for us to be anything but American citizens of this republic. We cannot be driven back into servitude, and there is no permanent half-way place between the auction block and the ballot box. You created within us a passion for liberty and the inspirations for equality of opportunity, and we beg you to take the warnings of history and attempt not to stifle that passion and that inspiration.

If the American people are ready to confess that they cannot live up to the Golden Rule, and cannot feel the spirit of the Declaration of Independence, and cannot be touched by Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, then let them join with us in our strivings and aspirations to become worthy citizens of this American republic.

THE STUDY TABLE.

LYSSTREIF OVER LIVSPROBLEMER. Af. H. Tombs Lyche. Kristiania, 1903. Pp. xv. 144.

Tombs Lyche was an apostle of sanity and good cheer to a prophet-ridden people. His testament should be read wherever Ibsen is known. But that will not happen soon. Lyche knew the reason. Norway loves her gloomy seers. They are her pride and glory, these deep-eyed searchers of the soul, these cold-blooded analysts of cramped lives and unnatural social conditions, these fearless spiritual vikings plowing every sea and harassing every coast. She knows them well and hears their voice. For they are like her deep fjords and towering mountains and dark, mysterious forests, the witchery of her summer nights and the bitter cold of her winter days. They are stern and unyielding, honest and stubborn, melancholy and weird as is her nature. If another comes from over the seas, where the sea is warmer and there is more bread and elbow-room, though he may have been nursed at her breast as a child, she will not listen to him. His message seems shallow, cowardly and insincere like that of a man who gossips at every illusion to keep his courage up. As for the great world beyond, it adores the products of genius, quaint, naive, original, racy of the sod, in proportion as the leveling forces of civilization tend to force men's bodies and souls into clothes, expressions and attitudes prescribed by the reigning fashion.

Lyche was not a dramatist who by his consummate art could force the nations to listen to his word. But there was much of the poet in him and much of the thinker. There are passages in his essays that were born in moments of genuine poetic inspiration. The splendor of his speech fairly dazzles one at times. His intellectual atmosphere is now and then so clear that all the problems of life seem simple, the riddles easy to guess. His wife must have been impressed with this when she called the collection the wade of papers and articles in "Kringsjiza," his periodical, "Rays of light upon problems of life."

In a preface Chr. Collia tells the story of Lyche's life and briefly estimates its significance. It is of unusual interest. Lyche was born in Fredrikshald, Norway, in 1859. When he was fourteen years of age he went to France where he lived two years. At a technical institute in Norway he prepared himself to become a civil engineer. In this capacity and as a painter of landscapes he traveled extensively in America, particularly in the West. In 1883 he entered the Meadville Theological School, and from 1886 to 1893 served as pastor of a Unitarian church. The last five years of his life he spent in Cluiskian, Norway, preaching by word and pen, the gospel he felt that his country needed. His magazine, "Knigsjaa" attracted not a little attention. In it he attacked the pessimism, the materialism and the clannism he found about him. He loved his people with a passionate love. This Unitarian had the missionary zeal of a Cary or a Moffat. He heard the call to become a priest of the new idealism and obeyed the summons, standing on his lonely post till 1898 when he died.

Among the essays there are a few that deserve special mention. His defense of "Optimism" and of "Idealism" shows the influence of Emerson and Browning. More original is his essay on "The worship of the golden calf." In this earnest and thoughtful story he pleads for a worship of both God and mammon. "As in Catholic cathedrals there are many small altars to the saints beside the great one to the deity, so in the church of life there are many small altars, and on one of them the golden calf has a right to stand. He protests against all contempt for material wealth and a worthy external environment, and urges his countrymen to devote more time, energy and thought to the development of the natural resources of Norway, to the creation of wealth. England was long despised as a nation of merchants, but after the economic foundations had been laid Shakespeare and Byron, Darwin and Spencer came. If the north Italian republics had not been worshipers of the golden calf, there would have been no Raphael or Michael Angelo. Lyche shows how the narrowness, suspicion, jealousy, envy and malice that are so rife in Norwegian life and create the pessimistic views of the dramatists are fostered by the grinding poverty of the people. He recognizes that man cannot so live by bread alone, but he wasts no hypocritical contempt for bread in the name of the ideal. Lyche's paper entitled "Men do not grow old" is full of quaint observations. There is something in Lyche's optimism that one seldom finds in Emerson's. The Norwegian thinker never shows the dark and terrible problems of the soul. He has an essay on "Job," he understands that there is no immediate prospect of changing the law of progress through suffering. Lyche was an ardent admirer of nature and his essay on "Beauty" is a fine piece of writing. He does not share the common impression that "every prospect pleases and only man is vile." He finds more beauty in humanity than around it. "Pessimism," he maintains to the end, "is only a provincial sin, a fad which to-day is and tomorrow will pass away." America did much to give him this sense of the inherent rightness and desirability of life. Through Lyche our great republic brought a timely message to the little Latin section in the North. Perhaps we are ourselves just now in need of other prophets.

NATHANIEL SCHMIDT.

Notes.

If you want an honest, and on the whole very judicious discussion of the sex question, take "Mankind in the Making." It discusses the problem of the birth supply and adolescence with frankness. The time is coming when this subject must be taken from crude novel writers, and handled in the pulpits and the schools.

I say it with deliberation that no journal comes to my table so imperatively needed to keep me in tally with the age, as the *School Journal,* of New York and Chicago. I should feel it an irreparable loss if I could not have at hand the June number, which discusses the vital movements in education.

The Arena has gone back under the editorship of our old time friend, B. O. Fowler. It is published by Albert Brandt, of Trenton, N. J. The number for July comes out in the highest style of the publishers' art; and the contents is fully equal to the makeup. The article on the Chicago Election, another on "The Tendencies of Recent Fiction," and a third on Socialism are of the highest value. Mr. Malloy discusses Emerson's Problem, in his usual keen and appreciative manner. But the best part of this magazine is, and will always continue to be, the editorial department. This is absolutely stuffed with good things. Its book reviews mean something very definite, and are conscientious.

From Funk & Wagnalls Company I have "Connectives of English Speech," by James C. Fernald, editor of the Students' Standard Dictionary. This is a book for colleges and high school pupils, and for all those who desire to form a correct style of writing. Language should be a precise art. It should express thought with absolute accuracy.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons I have one of the most superb books ever published in America. It is the work of Ruth Putnam, and entitled, "A Mediaeval Princess." The book is history, but it is romance. It is just such a book as a well-balanced mind will need, when cloyed with novels, but too tired for philosophical reading. After an excursion through its pages, I have laid it aside for a feast in my hammock under my spruces.

Another superbly gotten up book by the Putnams is "A Journey to the Seaboard Slave States," by Frederick Law Olmstead. This is a republication of one of the best books of the '50s. It has an introduction by Professor Trent, and a biographical sketch by the son of the author. It gives us about the best picture of old time life along the seaboard in the Southern States extant. It is a capital companion for Harriet Martineau's book on Western travel—if you are fortunate enough to have a copy. It is a kindly but honest investigation of things and events, and will do a good deal to keep in mind the marvelous transformations going on in the South. The second volume carries us into Louisiana and Alabama. The political economy discussion runs through both volumes. It is a work that will never be out of date, and is especially useful just now for the Southerners themselves to read. The two sections are coming into the closest possible industrial and commercial relations; and while fiction must be absolutely debarred, the South must understand what it has to cut loose from. Ten years more and the manufacturing center of the United States will be Georgia, while the Gulf of Mexico will be the commercial center. E. P. Powell.

Mr. Winston Churchill's fourth novel is, as its title indicates, or is meant to suggest, an endeavor "to express the beginning of that great movement across the mountains which swept resistless over the continent." He is persuaded that no "annals in the world's history are more wonderful than the story of the conquest of Kentucky and Tennessee by the pioneers." Concerning this it is permitted us to doubt. Nevertheless these annals constitute a story of great courage and endurance. Mr. Churchill has caught the spirit of the movement and rendered it extremely well. But his rendering is episodic and the reader who is a stranger in these parts of history must not imagine that he is getting a complete history or one approximately so in Mr. Churchill's novel. Indeed, it is the reader who is best acquainted with the history who will most enjoy the various allusions of the novel, and best appreciate the parts assigned to such real persons of the drama as Daniel Boone, Andrew Jackson, John Sevier, and especially George Rogers Clark, who is hardly less the hero of the novel than David Ritchie who is made to appear to be its author. Clark's experiences are related with a great deal of sympathy and with much righteous indignation that he was treated so ungratefully by the United States government. Another real person is Gen. Wilkinson, a celebrity who has tempted the skill of the historian, biographer and fictionist less than his character deserves. It is a pity that John Fiske did not write a sketch of him as a pendant for his "Charles Lee," for these two were "Arcades ambo," if there ever was a brace of thieves.

As for David Ritchie, the autobiographer and hero, he is not quite convincing in his ubiquitousness and all-sufficingness. Thackeray is obviously Mr. Churchill's master, but the manner of David Ritchie verges too much on the boastfulness of Barry Lyndon. Harry Esmond and Pendennis do not represent themselves as such masterful personalities. They exhibit their foibles more frankly than their wonderful performances. At one point Mr. Churchill's self-denial is remarkable. The temptation to introduce Thomas Lincoln, father of Abraham, into the story must have been very great, but it has been withstood. In this connection it should be said that the utter lack of sympathy with the Indians is one of the most painful features of Mr. Churchill's work. The lack is pre-eminently dramatic, yet if Mr. Churchill did not sympathize with it a good deal, his better feeling would somehow have found expression.

Mr. Churchill's confidence in his ability to maintain the interest of his story without making it a love-story, for nearly 500 pages of its course, will be justified or not according to the tastes of the individual reader. When the love-story does begin, it proceeds rapidly and is very interesting and engaging, if not absolutely real. Particularly unreal is the subordinate love-story of Nicholas Temple and Antoinette St. Gré. We are assured that Nicholas was a gentleman, but we can conceive of a gentleman's behaving as he does when first meeting Antoinette only when very drunk. Mr. Churchill is much more successful in those representations of scene and atmosphere which furnish some of the most effective pages of his book. His novel is too long. Six hundred pages are too many. It is as if Mr. Churchill had emulated Thackeray's length. But there was that in Thackeray's style which made his longest novels seem too short.

I. W. C.

The Crossing. By Winston Churchill, author of "Richard Carvell," "The Crisis," etc. With illustrations. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1904.

Play the Man.

Firm resolve within you,
  Heart that's staunch and true,
Purpose high and noble,
  'Tis enough for you.

One amongst the thousands,
  One in search of love,
Look beyond the toiling
  To the skies above.

You, a little unit
  Set amidst the throng,
Need to do your duty,
  Spirit brave and strong.

Hold your ideal closer,
  Hold your purpose fast;
Idlers know not pleasure
  Here, nor joy at last.

—*Crell Dare, in the Christian Life.*

UNITY

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY

3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago

Entered at Chicago, Ill., Postoffice as Second Class Matter.

$2.00 PER ANNUM.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Joe.

Could I go back and tread once more
  This vale of hopes and fears
And take, to guide me on my way,
  The wisdom born of years,
I'd do a thousand different things
  From what I've done, I know,
But one thing would be just the same—
  I'd surely marry Joe.

If I could live my life again
  Fame's rugged steep I'd climb,
And leave behind a shining trail
  Upon the sands of time;
But if I reached the highest place
  That human zeal could know,
And had my choice of living men
  I'd surely marry Joe.

Dear Joe! he's been so kind and true
  Through all these many years
He's doubled every joy I've had
  And banished countless fears.
But now he's growing old and gray,
  His eyes have lost their glow,
Yet dearer than the world to me
  Is faithful, loving Joe.

We've journeyed onward side by side
  For twoscore years and ten;
I've been a loving wife, at least,
  And he, the best of men;
And when we pass from out this world
  May we together go;
For Heaven would not be Heaven to me
  Without my dear old Joe.

—*E. E. Brown.*

Foreign Notes.

IN THE WEAVERS' COUNTRY.—In discussions of the negro problem we hear much of the squalor and degradation of the one-room cabin, as if it were symptomatic of the low social and moral standards of the colored race. Yet if one may judge by the following description given by a contributor to *Le Temps* there are to-day in certain industrial towns of northern France white factory hands practically forced to live under conditions little, if any, better.

"Armèntieres, like most industrial towns of recent origin, consists of one principal street from which extend, on either side, other streets lined with houses. To the left is the quarter of the rich, to the right, between the mayor's office and the *Maison du peuple*, is that of the poor. The latter is made up of parallel blind alleys, opening on the street or on the public square. These blind alleys, private property with which the municipal inspection of highways does not concern itself, are narrow and vile. Refuse of all kinds lies there in heaps and mingles its putrid emanations with the exhalations from a gutter, which shows all too plainly that it serves as a general sewer. Leprous looking little houses, all alike, border these cloacæ, where scrofula and tuberculosis flourish. The maintenance of such dwellings is not only a disgrace to any civilized community, but a constant menace to public health.

"What the people can be who shorten their lives in these infected dwellings I leave you to judge. There is generally some correspondence between man and his environment. Yet the squalor of Armèntieres does not suggest vice so much as the misery, say of Whitechapel or even Paris. There is a notable difference between these indigent of the north and others; these work. Inactivity almost never prevails in this prosperous weaving industry. The workman works, but he earns too little and has too many children. An old Belgian or French peasant, without instruction or defence, he resigns himself to a destiny which he does not comprehend, occasionally giving himself the consolation of a glass of alcohol. Not that the Armèntieres weaver is a drunkard. On the contrary, cases of alcoholism are quite infrequent, I was told by a physician; the workman of the north drinks beer, but little alcohol.

"I visited a number of these dwellings and brought away, not only a feeling of disgust, but also of profound sadness. They uniformly consist of a single room on the ground floor, where the cooking is done and the family lives during the day, and of two sleeping rooms above. The lower room, paved with stone, is lighted only from the door. It is small, damp and dark. Some children in rags are crawling about the stove. Tidiness there is rare, indeed. The chambers above, reached by a wooden ladder, are not provided with doors. In them, on pallets almost devoid of bedclothes and without sheets, lodge together father and mother, girls and boys.

"On entering one of these household establishments, called *Sans Pareille* (unequalled)—oh! yes—I found squatted by the fire a man, young and robust, of about thirty, and a woman whose age I could not determine, thin, pale and hollow-chested. A little furniture was scattered about the dirty room—a chest of drawers, a filthy table, some worn chairs; on the blackened walls some chromos, and in the place of honor, what one would hardly have expected to find in such surroundings, an engraving of Mirabeau before the States General.

"The man rises and replies in patois to my questions. I learn that he is a weaver and his wife a winder. He earns 12 francs a week and she 9 francs. They have five children, the oldest ten years of age; the youngest, one month and a half. A neighbor takes care of the two younger children for 5 francs a week. This leaves 16 francs to live upon. The rent is 2 francs; bread costs 4; coal, 3 francs; groceries amount to 5 francs, making a total of 14 francs. Out of the 2 francs remaining the mother must buy potatoes, grease, clothing. As for meat, they eat none. How, said the poor weaver in his jargon, how can we be expected to make ends meet? I am brave and willing to work, but cannot make a living. It is enough to drive one to despair."

The visitor found one bright spot in his round, however—one tidy family where the courage and self-denial of the father and mother were a noble example.

There were five children in this family also, aged 12, 9, 8, 6 and 3 years. The father, 34 years old, was a weaver, as was also his wife of 32. They earned 15 francs each per week, and their good management does them credit. The house was clean; fine sand covered the floor; cupboard, table, clock, all shone like new. Here is their weekly budget:

Rent	2
Potatoes	1.50
Groceries (including sugar and coffee)	8
Meat	3.60
Bread	4
Washing soda	1
Clothing	2
Milk for the children	0.70
Care of children	2
Total	24.80

An expenditure of about 25 francs from the joint income of 30, leaving a little margin for emergencies. When complimented on their good management, the father said:

"Yes, we manage to live, but my wife is killing herself with work. Only think, after working all day at the factory, in the evening she attends to home affairs, mends the clothes and does the cooking. But you see, as the mayor explained the other day at a meeting, it would be better for a man to have several trades and earn enough so that his wife could stay at home. Such a woman as my wife is a martyr. But my oldest girl will soon replace her at the factory, and the others will come along in turn. The future looks more smiling than the past."

But the cheerfulness inspired by such good sense and uprightness was largely lost again on return to the filthy streets, suggesting the dangers to which these good people were exposed from their unhealthful surroundings. "Of children from one day to four years old, 202 died in Armèntieres in 1902; 156 of these were less than a year old, while the number of births for the same year was 756. That is a mortality of 28 per cent. As for tuberculous adults, there are about 22 per cent of these among the textile workers."

M. E. H.

Announcements.

Pulpit notices, lecture announcements in Chicago or elsewhere, "Wants" of churches or ministers, or "Personals" of interest to UNITY readers are invited for this column.

From July 1 to September 15 the address of Jenkin Lloyd Jones and of Unity Publishing Company will be Spring Green, Wis.

LECTURES AND PULPIT SUPPLY—Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley has a number of lectures on literary and social topics and is prepared to supply pulpits in the absence of the regular pastor. Address 196 E. Forty-fourth street, Chicago. Telephone, 1671 Drexel.

If any churches in Chicago or suburbs care to give a stereopticon entertainment on the Yellowstone Park and will call on Mr. C. A. Matthews, general agent Northern Pacific railway, 208 South Clark street, he will gladly loan them free a very fine set of nicely colored lantern slides and he will also supply all who wish maps and literature descriptive of the Yellowstone.

The weekly *Jewish Criterion*, published in Pittsburgh, Pa., for July, first published in full the sermon on "What Shall I Do to Be Saved," published in UNITY of June 23, which sermon is soon to be reprinted in pamphlet form by the Unity Publishing Company. They can be ordered at the rate of 5 cents per copy, or $4.00 per hundred.

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is the title of a new book descriptive of the lake resorts of Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota and northern Illinois and Iowa. It is written by Forrest Crissey and just published by the

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